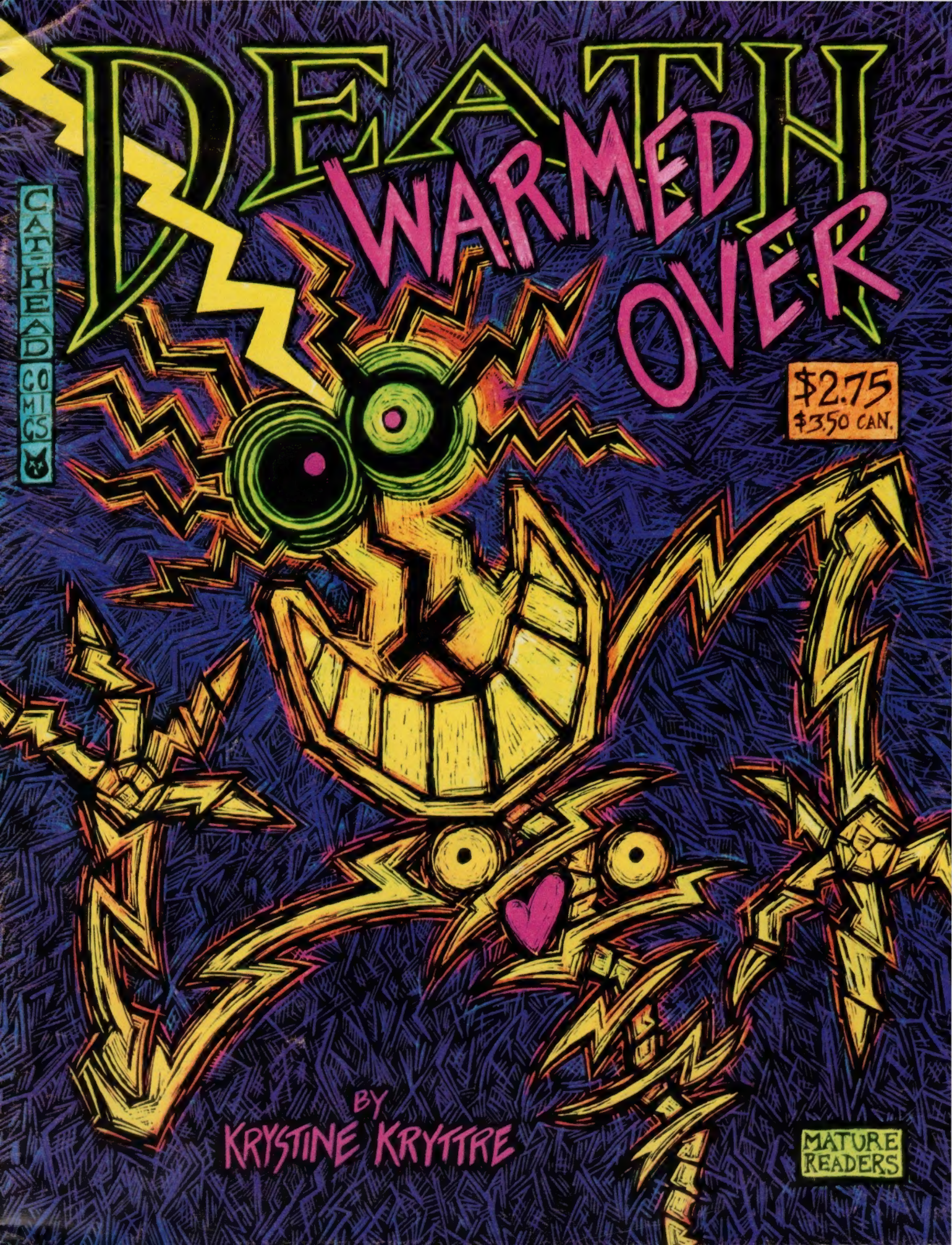


CATHEAD COMICS

DEATH WARMED OVER

\$2.75
\$3.50 CAN.



BY
KRYSTINE KRYTTRE

MATURE
READERS

DEATH WARMED OVER



PHOTOS BY LORI EANES

I REMEMBER MY FIRST MEETING WITH KRYSTINE KRYTTRE. ONE MOMENT WE WERE SITTING IN A COMFORTABLE BAR DRINKING BEER, A FEW MINUTES LATER WE WERE IN A VAN CAREENING THE WRONG WAY DOWN A DESERTED ONE WAY STREET GOING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR. I FOUND MYSELF FEARING FOR MY LIFE AND YET AT THE SAME TIME ENJOYING THE SITUATION. IN RETROSPECT THAT UNNERVING EXPERIENCE WAS SIMILAR TO THE EFFECT OF READING HER COMICS. THEY TEND TO CATAPULT THE READER BETWEEN EXTREMES. ON ONE HAND THERE IS A HIGH LEVEL EMOTIONAL INTENSITY AND GRAPHIC COMPLEXITY, ON THE OTHER HAND THERE IS AN ODDLY ENDEARING KIND OF CARTOONY SWEETNESS. KRYTTRE IS A SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST WHO HAS EVOLVED A DISTURBING AND VERY PERSONAL VISION. HER STORIES ARE SOMETIMES SHOCKING, BUT THEIR ESSENTIAL HONESTY SHINES THROUGH AND MAKES FOR AN EXTREMELY ENJOYABLE READING EXPERIENCE.

MARK BEYER

SEPTEMBER 1990

COMIX + ART FROM 1985-1990 BY KRYSTINE KRYTTRE



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MY WORK APPEARS IN INFAMOUS PUBLICATIONS SUCH AS: WEIRDO, RAW, CANNIBAL ROMANCE, VIPER, WIMMEN'S COMIX, STRIP AIDS USA, HECK!, TITS & CLITS, RIP-OFF COMICS, CENTRIFUGAL BUMBLE-PUPPY, SEXY STORIES FROM THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS, THE BEST COMICS OF THE DECADE, TWISTED SISTERS, GO NAKED, AND SNAKE EYES.

I WANT TO THANK TUFFY THE SNAKE, DEBORAH VALENTINE, ERICK GILBERT, MITCH BERGER, BIFF, AND ALL MY OTHER PAWS (YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!)

IN 1984, I WAS A NEWCOMER TO THE UNDERGROUND COMIX SCENE IN S.F.

UPON FIRST MEETING DORI SEPA, I THOUGHT SHE WAS

TALL & SCARY!



BIMBOS FROM HELL

SOMEHOW, I KNEW SHE WAS AT LEAST AS TWISTED AS ME. I WAS AWESTRUCK BY WHAT A GREAT ARTIST AND STORYTELLER SHE WAS. OH, SHE LIKED ME A LOT, TOO!



KRYSTINE KRYSTINE ©1988



YOU KNOW, KRISTINE, YOU'RE REALLY GOOD! YOU CAN REALLY DRAW! YOU'RE GONNA BE REAL FAMOUS! NO ONE CAN DRAW LIKE YOU! YOU KNOW HOW TO STYLIZE! AND YOU CAN SURE DRAW SOME DISGUSTING THINGS! DON'T EVER STOP! I'M SO GLAD WE'RE BUDDIES!



HE JUST DIDN'T APPRECIATE YOU. HE HAD A BIG EGO, TOO. YOUR CARTOONING IS ONE THING THAT WILL NEVER EVER LEAVE YOU. DO A STORY ABOUT IT!

* SEE TITS & CLITS #7 (Last Gasp).



DON HONEEE!!
LOOK AT OUR HAIR!! AREN'T WEE BEEEEOOOTEEEFUL!?

WE WON'T BE WALLFLOWERS ANYMORE, WILL WEE?!

BOYS WILL NOTICE US NOW!

OH YES, VERY BEAUTIFUL.



SHE WAS HAPPY WHEN I LAST SAW HER.

I'M NOT ALONE...

LET'S NOT HAVE A SNIFFLE
LET'S HAVE A
BLOODY GOOD CRY
ALWAYS REMEMBER
THE LONGER YOU LIVE
THE SOONER YOU
BLOODY WELL DIE!

BUT I'M VERY ALONE.

BECAUSE WHEN SHE WENT~

~PART OF ME WENT, TOO.

I'M SORRY, KRISTINE.

WE'RE BAD GIRLS, DORI!
FUCK BEING SORRY!

OH! BAD GIRLS!

CLUCK!

MY BEST FRIEND. ALWAYS.



KRYSTINE
KRYSTINE '08

THE GØSPEL

ACCORDING TO FATHER PHEM

-OR-
"CUM ALL
YE FAITHFUL"

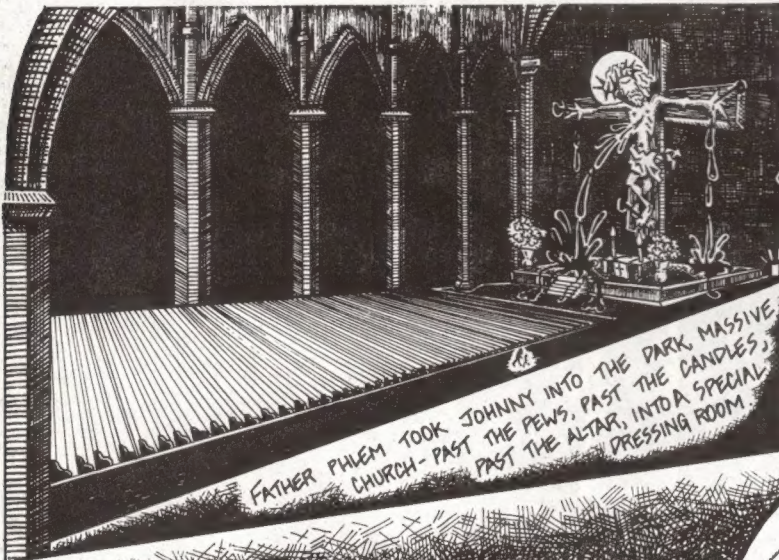
"And now, little children, abide in him; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

JOHN 2:28

JOHNNY WAS A SWEET 9 YEAR OLD BOY WHO WANTED TO BE AN ALTAR BOY.



HE HAD TO MEET WITH HIS FAMILY'S PARISH PRIEST, FATHER PHEM, FOR HIS FIRST INDOCTRINATION LESSON.



JOHNNY, TRUSTING FATHER PHEM COMPLETELY, TAKES OFF ALL HIS CLOTHES.



FATHER PHEM QUICKLY UN-DRESSES HIMSELF ALSO.

BOTH COMPLETELY NAKED, FATHER PHEM TAKES JOHNNY TO THE HOLY WATER FOUNTAIN AND STARTS WASHING JOHNNY'S INNOCENT BODY.



AS HE GETS TO JOHNNY'S CROTCH, HE AGAIN QUOTES FROM LEVITICUS 22:11-



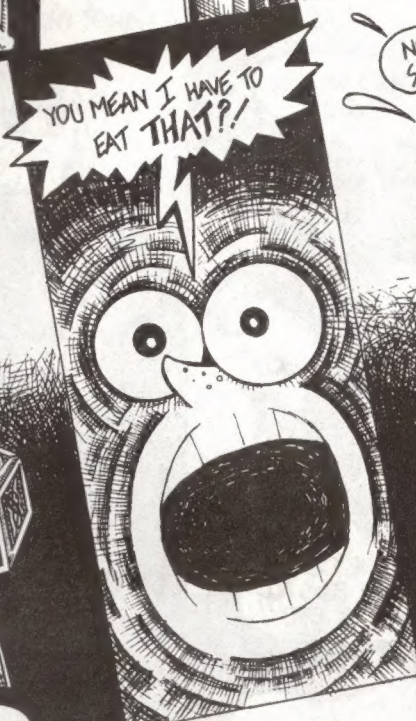
"But if the Priest buy of any soul, he shall eat of it. And he that is born in His house, they shall eat of His meat."

NOT "EAT IT" MY YOUNG, NAIVE LAD... LET ME SHOW YOU... FOR INSTANCE IN NUMBERS 18:10-



"In the most Holy place shalt thou eat it, every male shall eat it. It shall be most Holy unto thee."

YOU MEAN I HAVE TO EAT THAT?!



FATHER PHEM WAS NOW WASHING HIS OWN CROTCH AND SHOWED JOHNNY WHAT THE LORD MEANT BY MEAT.



AGAIN HE QUOTES FROM LEVITICUS 14:15-



"And the Priest shall take some of the log of oil and pour it into the palm of his left hand."

FATHER PHEM COULD TELL JOHNNY WAS STILL CONFUSED, SO HE TRIED A DIFFERENT APPROACH.



YOU SEE JOHNNY, THIS IS WHAT BEING CLOSE TO GOD IS ALL ABOUT!

THEN HE FILLED
HIS OWN LEFT HAND.

FATHER PHILEM!
I'VE GOT TO
SEE YOU!

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

WHAT'S WRONG, BROTHER?

FATHER, I'VE GOT THESE BOILS ALL OVER MY BODY!

YOUR LUCKY DAY! YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN A LOT ON YOUR FIRST DAY. SEE THE BROTHER'S BOILS YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED ONE WAY TO EAT OF THE FLESH, AND THIS IS ANOTHER WAY.

A tall, thin, pale figure with spiky hair and a single hand stands behind a large, bubbling mass of flesh covered in many eyes. The figure has a long neck and a small head with spiky hair. The mass of flesh is large and rounded, with many small, round eyes embedded in it. The figure's hand is resting on the top of the mass. The background is dark and textured.

"And in the place of the boil there, be a white rising or a bright spot, white and somewhat reddish, and it be shewed to the Priest."

A black and white cartoon illustration of a man with a large, open mouth, showing a checkered pattern inside. He is wearing a cap and has a distressed expression. The background is filled with the words "AND GNAWED", "BIT AND SUCKED", and "CHewed" repeated in various orientations.

UNTIL IT BROKE,
AND HE SUCKED IT UP!

WITH THAT, HE KNELT DOWN,
PICKED OUT A BIG, JUICY BOIL...



JOHNNY LIKED PLAYING WITH HIMSELF, BUT THOUGHT FATHER PHEM WAS OFF HIS ROCKER!



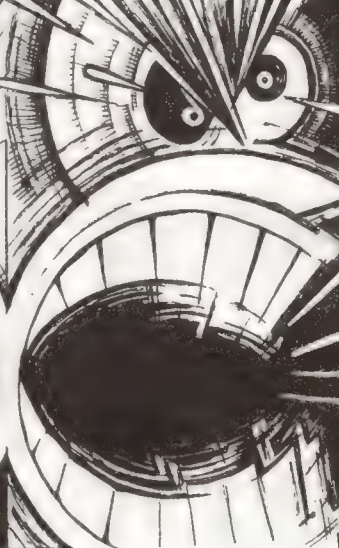
SO AS FATHER PHEM WAS BUSY SUCKING PUS FROM BOILS, JOHNNY GOT HIS CLOTHES AND GOT THE HELL OUT!



HE WENT HOME AND TOLD HIS MOTHER

HIS MOTHER TOLD HIS FATHER

HIS FATHER TOLD THE POLICE



FATHER PHEM IS NOW SERVING TIME IN A STATE MENTAL FACILITY FOR WAYWARD PRIESTS.

JOHNNY STILL REMEMBERS HIS TEACHINGS.

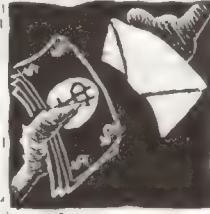
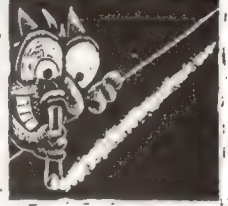


YOU BET!

END

DUST TO DUST

© 1985 KRISTINE KRYTTRE



ON BEING TOO INTENSE



IT'S JUST AS WELL
THAT WE BROKE UP...
SHE SCARED ME! BESIDES,
I'VE NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND
FOR MORE THAN A YEAR, ANYWAYS.



SHE WAS JUST TOO
WILD LOOKING FOR ME.



THOSE TEETH EARRINGS.



THAT RATTY HAIR.



THE WAY SHE WORE
BLACK ALLA TIME.



THAT WEIRD SENSE
OF HUMOR.



AND THOSE MORBID
DRAWINGS... DISGUSTING!



THOSE EYES—THAT LOOK WAS SCARY / LIKE SHE WAS PUTTING A HEX ON ME OR SOMETHING!





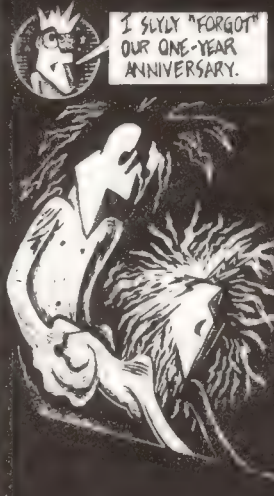
RELATIONSHIPS
FRIGHTEN ME!



I JUST DIDN'T WANT
TO BE TIED DOWN.



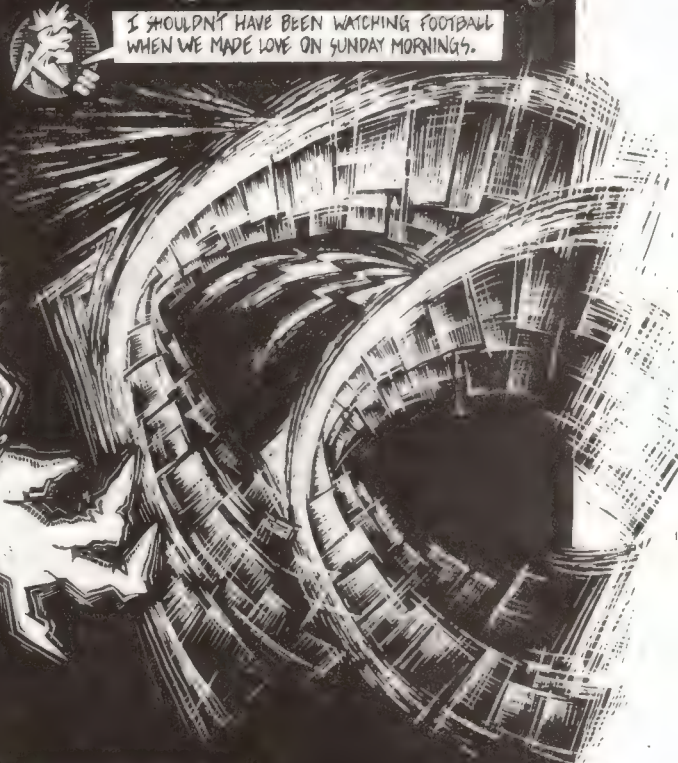
SHE TOOK CARE OF ME WHEN I WAS SICK.



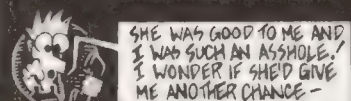
I SLYLY "FORGOT"
OUR ONE-YEAR
ANNIVERSARY.



SHE WAS ALWAYS SO
PATIENT WITH ME...
JUST A SAINT.



I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN WATCHING FOOTBALL
WHEN WE MADE LOVE ON SUNDAY MORNINGS.



SHE WAS GOOD TO ME AND
I WAS SUCH AN ASSHOLE!
I WONDER IF SHE'D GIVE
ME ANOTHER CHANCE -



HMM...NO ANSWER...
I BET SHE'S OUT
PAINTING THE TOWN RED.



END



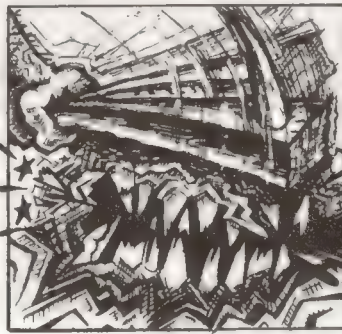
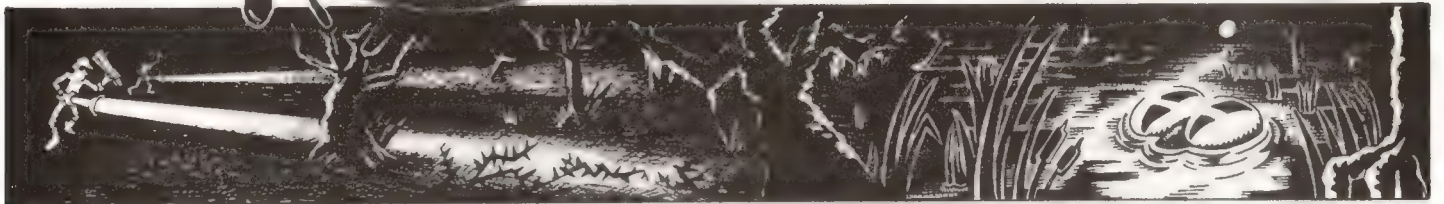
MEAN CUISINE



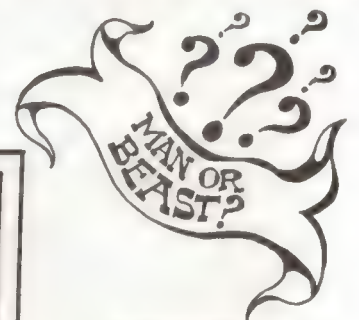
©1987 KRISTINE KRITTRE







GATOR MAN



DO NOT
TEASE!

DO NOT
FEED!



END

RAGGY MOOD

SHIT!
THEY'RE GONNA
TEAR DOWN
MY NEIGHBORHOOD!

GOOD MORNING!
San Francisco Chronic
**BIG BUSINESS
TAKES OVER S.F.**
More Hi-Rises
To Be Built
Condos Replace
Old Neighborhoods
©1996
KRISTINE
KRISTINE

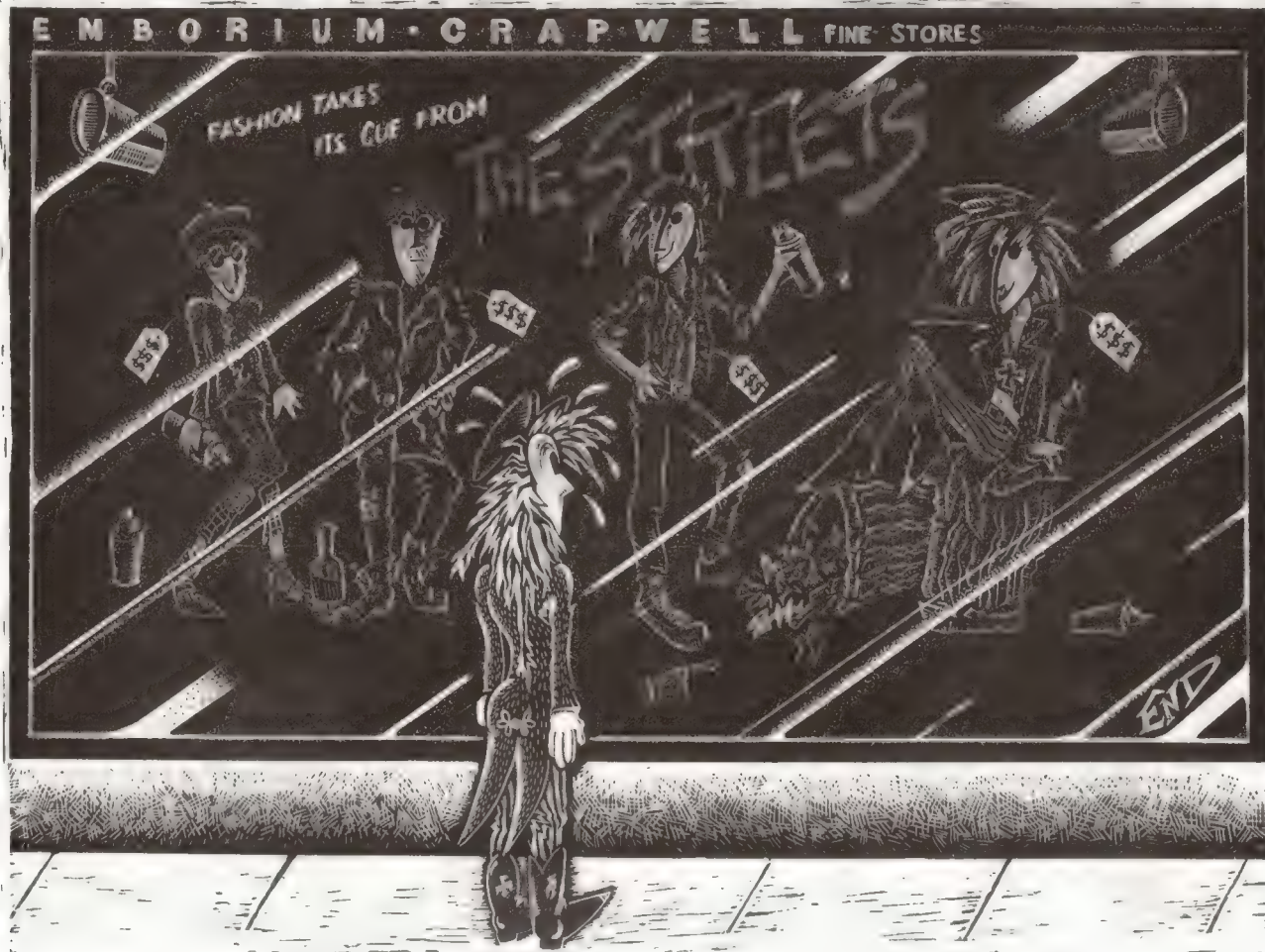
DEMOLITION
SCHEDULE

Artists Forced
OUT of the City

EST. 1902

HERE SOME
CLOTHES WILL
CHECK ME UP...

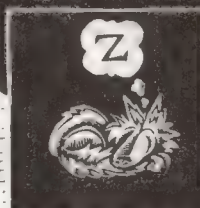




GOOD

DOG

ANCIENT ACCOUNTS
ARE FULL OF PIGS,
WOLVES AND JACKALS
WHO ATE THE FLESH
OF THE DEAD AND
CARRIED THE SOULS
SAFELY TO THE AFTERLIFE.



WHAT A
WEIRD DREAM.
MAYBE IT WAS
SOMETHING I ATE.

END.

THE OTHER DAY

I DIDN'T FEEL SO GOOD.
OH OH!



MAYBE IT WAS THE BURRITO-



X-RAY MATIC

OR THE 'PING' TO THE HEART-



THIS HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.



BUT SUDDENLY NOTHING WAS REAL ANYMORE.

IF NOTHING WAS REAL (THAT I KNEW OF)

THEN I MUST NOT BE REAL, TOO.

BUT I NEVER DID KNOW WHAT WAS REAL.

JUST HAPPENED TO
NOTICE IT THAT DAY.



THAT'S WHAT I
GET FOR BEIN'
A GODDAM
EXISTENTIALIST!

NIHILIST ROMANCE

KRYSTINE KRYTTRE
© 1986



YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU



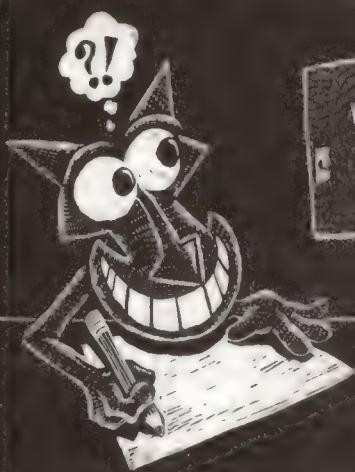
CAUSE I'LL NEVER SAY IT-



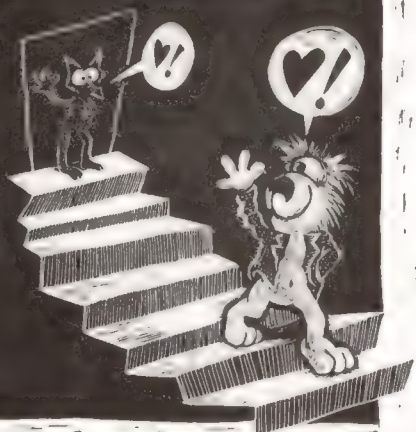
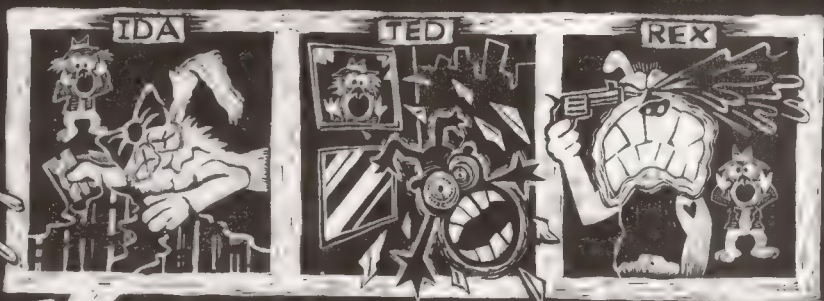
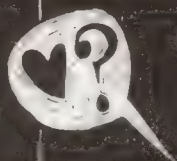
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T

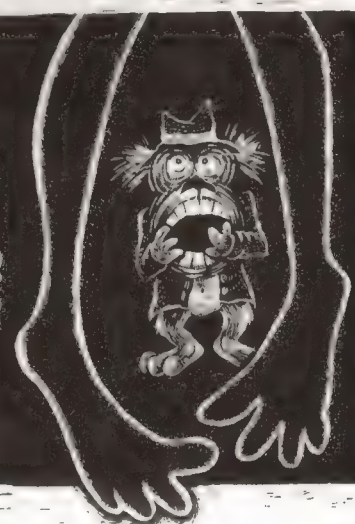
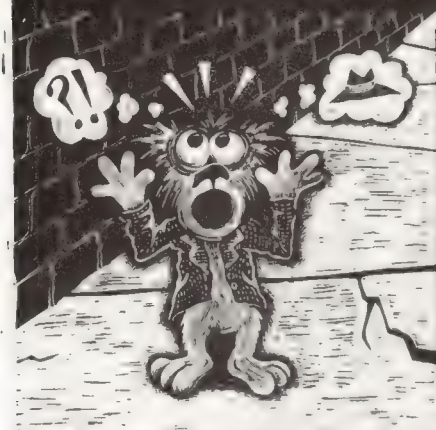
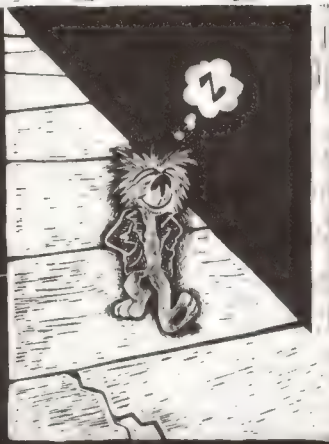


THINK ABOUT IT A LOT.



KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!





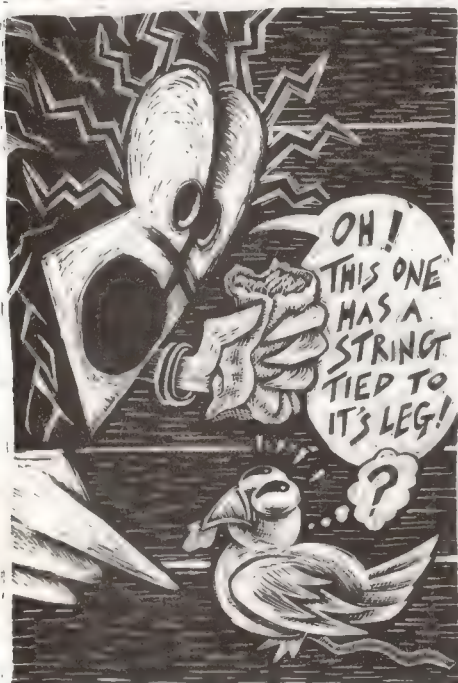


ONE SUNNY DAY IN S.F., TV'S CO-WORKERS TOOK THEIR LUNCH BREAK IN

DOLORES PARK

LOOK! THE
PIGEONS LIKE
MY BURRITO!

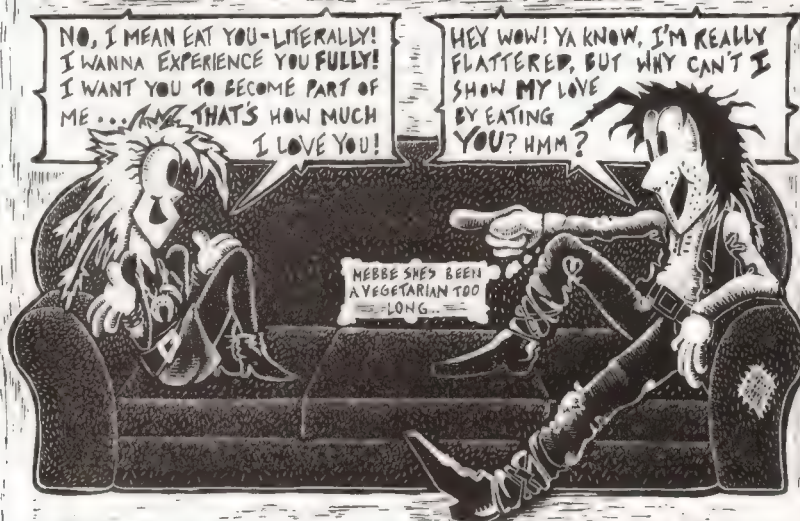
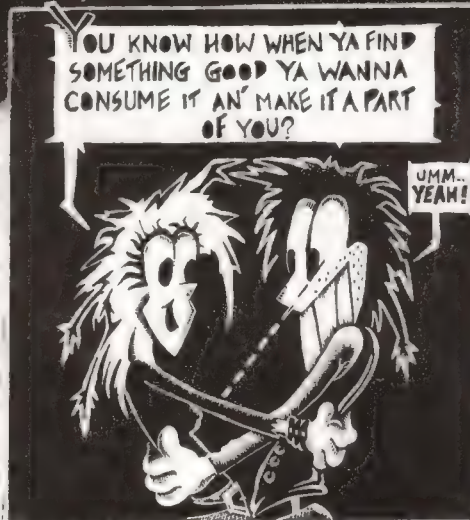
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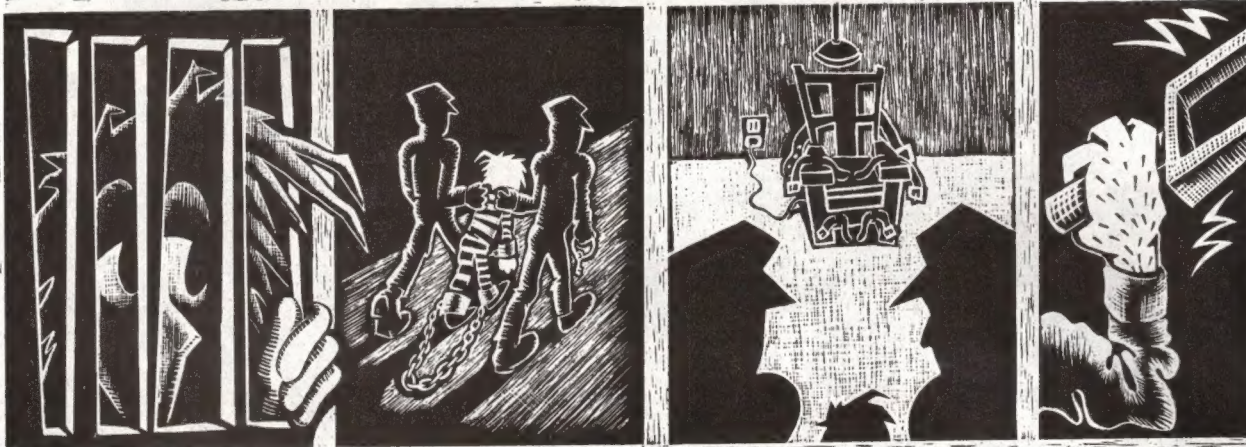
















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